Lost in Translation

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27290737.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Characters:	Will Graham, Margot Verger
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe, Supernatural Elements, Deal with a Devil, odd conversations, Devil Will Graham, background Hannibal/Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of To Fuel Your Radiance
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-30 Words: 1,564 Chapters: 1/1

Lost in Translation

by GoldenUsagi

Summary

Timestamp to *To Fuel Your Radiance*. Once, Margot made a deal with the Devil. Some years later, they share a conversation in which much is said but some things remain unheard.

Notes

This will make zero sense if you haven't read To Fuel Your Radiance.

“If a person does nothing in their lifetime to deserve my hand, I release them. I have no use for those whose worst act was selling me their soul,” Will said. “It seems Margot will be one of my exceptions.”

“And yet I imagine the outcome she anticipates upon her death will haunt her dreams, cast shadows on moments of happiness when she least expects it.”

“It’s the lowest price one can pay.”

Hannibal Lecter's Christmas parties were considered one of the most exclusive invitations in the city. They were as lavish as any affair he hosted, and they were always well attended.

Every public room in the house was elegantly decorated, and guests were encouraged to mingle. There was no sit down dinner, only tables throughout the space filled with opulent arrangements of food. Hannibal himself circulated throughout the evening, conversing with and charming his guests, enjoying the event and completely in his element.

Will kept to the edges of the rooms. Several times during the evening, he was at Hannibal's side, but at others, he haunted the space like a specter, if a specter had a glass of wine in one hand and occasionally exchanged subtle glances with the host.

Margot Verger crossed the figurative no man's land surrounding Will halfway through the evening. She stood beside him without speaking, and took a sip of her own wine.

A ripple of laughter came from across the room, and both of them looked to where Hannibal was holding court by the fireplace, having clearly just said something that delighted those around him.

"You know," Margot finally said, "I've always wondered if you were like him."

Will raised an eyebrow in question.

Margot shrugged an elegant shoulder. "When you grow up with a psychopath, you learn to spot them."

Will was indifferent. "I'm not a psychopath."

Margot simply looked at him in the silence that followed, but he said nothing more.

After a moment, her gaze drifted back to Hannibal. "Alana can't see it. She wouldn't be able to, so I've never told her."

"Was your goal tonight to tell me Hannibal is a psychopath?" Will took a drink of wine.

"You already knew. You had to. My goal was to satisfy my own curiosity."

"A detrimental sort of curiosity," Will said wryly, "if it leads you to question suspected psychopaths."

"I've been doing a lot of things recently." Margot stared blankly at the room before her. "I was diagnosed with breast cancer. Two days ago. Things I would never do I'm suddenly doing. Call it an existential crisis."

"I can recommend a good psychiatrist." Will had the barest smirk at the corner of his mouth.

"I'm sure Hannibal would be supportive of whatever I wished to pursue, as long as it was interesting." Margo drank more wine. "He was very supportive of the idea of me killing my

brother."

Will looked at her curiously. "Did you kill your brother?"

"I wished my brother dead. Does that count?"

"No court would convict you."

Margot's gaze turned distant. "It's not court I'm worried about."

"And we're back to the existential crisis." Will took a sip of his wine, his gaze landing on Hannibal. "Why continue to associate with Hannibal, if you think he's a psychopath?"

"I try to be pragmatic. I have nothing to accuse him of. That doesn't mean I can't see it all the same."

"And you're worried about your wife," Will said casually, looking back at her with an eyebrow raised. "You say she couldn't see it, but you know that if she ever did, she wouldn't let it go."

Margot had opened her mouth in surprise halfway through his words. Then she regained her composure. "Alana is better than me. I see the wisdom in continuing to call Hannibal a friend. She wouldn't."

"And yet you thought it wise to relate these concerns to me."

"No," she admitted, draining the last of what was in her glass. "But I'm doing a lot of stupid things. You don't seem to care that I wondered whether you're a psychopath."

"I'm often called worse." Then he tilted his head slightly. "Do you think I am?"

"I have no idea." Margot studied him, then shrugged. "Maybe I'm a psychopath, too," she said distantly. "It would explain how easy I find it to be nonchalant about the questionable company I keep."

A look of amusement flickered over Will's face. "You're a survivor, nothing more."

"Not for long."

Will's gaze fell to Margot's chest, pointedly but disinterestedly. "You're not going to die of breast cancer," he said, his tone almost bored.

Margot arched a brow. "What am I going to die of, then? Since you're so well informed."

"I have no idea," Will said, sounding no less bored. "But it won't be the cancer."

"Are you going to tell Hannibal what I said about him?"

"I won't, if you answer me a question."

Margot raised her empty glass, a gesture for him to continue.

“Are you afraid of death?”

“No one likes being confronted with their own mortality,” she said, as she stared at nothing in particular. “But no, I’m not afraid of death or the dying itself. I’m afraid of what comes after.”

“No one knows what comes after.”

“Hell comes after.”

Will regarded her evenly and took a drink of wine. “I never knew you were religious.”

“Religion is about faith,” Margot said. “I don’t have faith. I have certainty.”

“I find that most people who are certain about what happens when they die are wrong. But I won’t argue with you, as I have a low opinion of people who argue about religion.”

“Certainty has made life easier in some ways. I try not to worry about things I can’t control. Because I know in the end, none of it’s going to matter.”

Silence fell between them. Small groups were still mingling throughout the room, but none stood near the darkened corner where they conversed. Hannibal was still talking to the group around him, the picture of ease and hospitality.

“Maybe that’s why Hannibal doesn’t concern me,” Margot said thoughtfully. “No matter what happens now, there’s still eternity. I imagine psychopaths frequently end up in Hell. The Devil would love him.”

Will abruptly laughed.

It was a genuine but short burst, not loud enough to draw the attention of the room, but sufficient for Hannibal’s notice to be caught. He looked over, a question dancing in his eyes, but Will only gave him an enigmatic expression in return. Unbothered, Hannibal turned back to the guest on his right.

Will glanced to Margot again. “Do you often speculate about Hell?”

She shook her head. “It seems to be a hazard of this evening.”

“And how comes your existential crisis?”

“It remains in play.”

“I look forward to seeing the end result.”

“You and Hannibal are alike in that,” Margot commented. “Hannibal has always been curious about how things will play out, about what people will do. I’m sure he would find my crisis entertaining.”

Will tilted his head. “He already knows about the cancer, doesn’t he?”

Margot nodded. “He told me. Caught me alone in the hallway the last time we were here, saying that he knew it sounded odd, but that he was certain something was wrong with me.” A bitter expression passed over her face. “He was right.”

“Hannibal has a rare talent at noticing even the smallest differences in a person.”

“You also offered your prognosis,” Margot said. “Did he tell you?”

“Not at all. You’re far from a topic of discussion between us.”

“And I imagine tonight will be an exception. What will you tell him?”

“Everything but what I said I wouldn’t,” Will said easily. “Your worries of life and death, he already knows. He’s kindly pointed out your cancer so he can watch the spectacle. I’d say that Hannibal has a very good idea of exactly the substance of our conversation right now, apart from psychopaths.”

“The topic of Hell might surprise him.”

“It might. Or it might not. Hannibal has always been a believer.”

“But not you,” Margot said. “You strike me as an atheist.”

For the second time that evening, Will laughed, though it was only a chuckle. “And why is that?”

“You’re disdainful of religion.”

“I’m disdainful of discourse over what no one understands.” Will met Margot’s gaze with a steady look. “Whether you call yourself religious or not, you’re certain that you’re better informed than others and understand everything, like all religious are.”

“Do you say the same to Hannibal?”

“Not at all,” Will said smoothly. “I find Hannibal to be remarkably well informed.”

Margot fell silent. Will merely watched her.

“I think I should be insulted by that,” she finally said.

“Not necessarily. Perhaps your source of information was misleading.”

Margot shook her head. “They were also remarkably well informed,” she said dully. “I know what the future holds.”

“You assume you do.” Will gave a dismissive shrug and finished the last of his wine. “I suppose I am an atheist, by definition. I don’t believe in God, after all.”

“That must make things simple. I envy you your easy outlook.”

“I am a highly enviable figure,” Will agreed, deadpan.

Margot laughed in surprise, and then smiled. Will gave her a sharp but fleeting smirk in return.

“And I’ve taken up enough of your time this evening,” she said. “My other half is looking for me, and yours has never stopped looking at you.”

Will followed her gaze. Hannibal’s attention was subtle, and not perceptible enough to make any of his guests feel slighted, but part of him was always focused on Will, no matter his location in the room.

Will inclined his head to Margot, and then crossed the room to join Hannibal at the fireplace.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!